

# R A M I L L I E S.

A

## P O E M,

Humbly Inscrib'd to His GRACE the

D U K E of MARLBOROUGH.

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Written in Imitation of *Milton.*

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B Y

Mr. P A R I S of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

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*Nec minus considerabo quid aures tuæ pati possint,*

*Quam quid virtutibus debeatur.*

Plin. Pan.

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W. H. D. ROUSE

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BY W. H. D. ROUSE

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# R A M I L L E S.

A

## P O E M,

Humbly Inscriv'd to His GRACE the

## DUKE of MARLBOROUGH,

**O**f Britons Second Conquest, and the Man  
 That Twice has triumph'd o'er the *Gallick Arms*  
 Victorious, and has taught the haughty Breast  
 Of *Lewis*, with continu'd Victories  
 Proudly elate, far humbler Thoughts than those  
 Of Universal Conquest, and the Sway  
 Of all the Western World; of him who forc'd  
*Bavaria's* perjur'd Prince to entertain  
 Ignobler Dreams, than those of Empire vast,  
 Since twice he fled before his conqu'ring Sword  
 Confounded and appall'd; of him who rais'd  
 From dark Obscurity the humble *Dyle*,  
 Sing, Muse, propitious; thou who heretofore  
 Led'st forth th' embattl'd Seraphim to fight;  
 Thee *Milton* with unwear'y'd Steps pursu'd,  
 Unerring Guide, throughout the Chaos dark  
 Of endless Night, thou taughtst him to ascend  
 The airy Mansions of Eternal Light;

Where he beheld Intestine Wars in Heav'n.  
 Let thy Diviner Influence raise my Thoughts,  
 Support my drooping Fancy; let my Verse  
 Ne'er sink beneath the Merits of a Man,  
 In Arms and Prudence not to be o'ercome,  
 But let my Song with equal Measures move  
 Harmonious, and celebrate his Worth  
 In artful Lines; the Task to me will prove  
 Grateful, tho' difficult, whilst thus my Muse,  
 Inflam'd with just Ambition, fain would sing  
 Great *ANNA*'s gentle and triumphant Reign.

Scarce had the Earth with usual Speed perform'd  
 Her Planetary Course twice round the Sun  
 Revolving, since the fatal Overthrow  
 At *Bleinheim*, with pernicious Accent dire  
 And terrible to mortal Ear, transfix'd  
 The Soul of *Lewis*, and restrain'd his Heart  
 Imperious, bent on Universal Rule,  
 And shook his Throne; since which his haughty Breast  
 Alternately, with Envy and Despair,  
 Roll'd various; long he stood, within himself  
 Collected, meditating dire Revenge  
 Implacable: So Clouds with angry Storms  
 Impregnate, darkly low'r, and long sustain  
 Their watry Substance in the dusky Air.

Thus while the Tyrant's Blood with Anger boil'd  
 Impetuous, Resolution sad and dark,  
 With Hate obdurate on his Vifage late  
 In sullen Mood, foreboding future Ills  
 Unspeakable, and Battels dangerous  
 To less than *Britons*: He to prosecute  
 His dark Intentions, and relieve his Soul  
 Lab'ring with Horror and the bitter Thoughts  
 Of *Bleinheim* not reveng'd, collecting all  
 His scatter'd Armies and his num'rous Force,  
 Once matchless, now contemn'd, tho' in their last  
 Effort terrific, deem'd to terminate  
 The War, and by one dreadful Victory  
 Glut his Ambition and Revenge at once.  
 He summon'd all his warlike Chiefs, who came  
 Obsequious to their Master's dread Command,  
 Circling his Throne with down-cast Looks and deep

Attention,

Attention, whilst exalted high he sat,  
Idol of Slaves, and with Tyrannick Air  
His vain Imaginations thus display'd.

You, who lead forth our Armies, and command  
In Chief, Warriors expert, rais'd to this height  
Of Eminence to execute our Will;  
And to extend to Nations far remote  
Our Reign, envy'd and terrible; to you  
Long Exhortations, arguing base Distrust  
And Fear ignoble, would be vain, and ill  
Becoming those who shortly shall regain  
With Arms successful and the Force of War,  
That Glory which on *Hochster's* Fatal Plains  
We lost by adverse Chance, or some ill Star  
With hated Influence and Aspect malign  
Presiding; therefore lead my Armies forth  
In military Prowess matchless, whom  
Conquest with eager Expectation waits.  
Remember that foul Overthrow and base  
Defeat at *Blenheim*, where the Victor proud  
**C H U R C H I L L**, uplifted with the Joys of great  
Success unusual, and the fiercer grown  
By how much less he ween'd to prosper, hung  
Insulting on your broken Rear; pursu'd,  
With swift Destruction and with conqu'ring Rage;  
Your scatter'd Rout, confounded, and dismay'd.  
But let not Thoughts like these engender Fear  
And ignominious Diffidence, but raise  
Your Minds to manly Cruelty, inflam'd  
With unextinguishable Rage, repay  
Them sore their Conquest; so shall you retrieve  
My former Glory and your Honour lost.

He ended frowning, and his angry Look  
Denounc'd his bloody Resolution, whilst  
Tumultuous Thoughts with Agitation rack'd  
His restless Soul; impatient 'till he saw  
His black Designs accomplish'd, and his Ire  
Sated with full Revenge. For War his Chiefs  
Prepar'd, *Marsin* and *Villeroy*, with them  
The Prince of rich *Bavaria* once, 'till Hopes  
Of Empire, better quell'd at first, seduc'd  
Him from his just Allegiance; like that Crew

Of old, rebellious Angels, whom the Thirst  
 Of Greatnes and Ambition once exil'd  
 From Heav'ly Regions and Eternal Bliss ;  
 He now associates with a gilded Train  
 Of Vassals, who uphold a Tyrant's Pride,  
 And merit nought but slavish Grandeur due  
 To such Obedience, mean Supremacy  
 In Servitude. These at their Master's Will  
 Bid sound the noble Instruments of War,  
 Trumpet and Drum, with blended Symphony  
 Instilling manly Rage and ardent Love  
 Of Arms : At their collected Accent loud,  
 Signal of March, while Colours in the Air  
 Display'd their beauteous Hue, the Sport of Winds,  
 Each Soldier to his Standard troops with haste  
 Precipitant ; and reimbody'd all,  
 Northwards they bend their March, a num'rous Host  
 They mov'd, from Front to Rear, and Wing to Wing  
 Of vast Circumference ; and as they pass'd  
 Through Places garrison'd, still fresh Supplies  
 Collecting, 'till their Arms contiguous  
 Whole Countries hid within the spacious Shade  
 Tremendous, scarce more dreadful seem'd of old  
 That *Persian* Monarch, who, as Fame relates,  
 Arm'd with the *Asian* Chivalry and Strength  
 Of all the East, came with revengeful Ire  
 Threat'ning Destruction wide, to those that caus'd  
 His Father's Troops in *Marathonian* Fields  
 To fly disgraceful, nor could ought suffice  
 Or calm his Rage, but Universal Chains  
 Of Servitude on all the *Grecian* Chiefs ;  
 Drain'd by his num'rous Hosts whole Rivers fell,  
 Exhausted in a Morn ; the Seas were choak'd  
 With slaughter'd Heaps, when all the boasted Force  
 That fed his Thoughts with vain Security,  
 His Grief augmented in their base Defeat.  
 Nor more terrifick was that Savage Pow'r  
 Of *Brennus*, whom from *Brumal Alpine* Hills  
 (The Place where Winter, as in Northern Lands  
 Triumphs, and in the sight of Summer reigns,) <sup>was it</sup>  
 Arm'd with Destruction, like a Torrent came  
 In prone Career, wide wasting, 'till the Flames  
 Of *Rome* with grateful Blaze appeas'd his Ire.

Their

Their Army thus in battelous Array,  
Terror of Nations, travers'd many a Field  
And City sore oppress'd with slavish Bonds  
Of Lewis, e'er Brabantian Towns at last,  
With forc'd Affection and pretended Joy  
Receiv'd them much fatigu'd with Journey long  
And toilsome, and refresh'd their Spirits faint;  
Here they their wonted Vigour soon renew'd,  
By quaffing many a Bowl of nect'rous Juice.  
Delicious Draughts, and certain of Success,  
Pray'd not for Conquest, but an Enemy.

Long Expectation MARLBRO with his Troops  
Of fearless Britons (known in Foreign Wars  
Victorious) soon prevented, and arriv'd  
In Evil Hour for them; him join'd with speed  
Batavia's Pow'rs, the Danish Forces next  
Troop in with glad Precipitance, in War  
Renowned Knights, expert to rule with Rein  
Coercive fiery foaming Steeds in Heat  
Of raging War. Our glorious Chief survey'd  
His Troops, and in their chearful Looks beheld  
His future Victory; the joyful Sight  
Inflam'd his Warlike Breast with fierce Desire  
Of Battel, and his Godlike Visage shew'd  
A pleasing Terror, whilst his Captains Chief,  
With short persuasive Accent, he bespoke.

Illustrious Britons, and Associates dear,  
In Fight and Conquest, e'er to Morrow's Dawn  
A second Blenheim's glorious Battel won  
Shall crown your Arms successful; whilst I lead  
Such Warriors to the Field, I ne'er can dread  
Superior Force, no doubtful Thoughts arise  
Of Victory, which always will attend  
Your Valour, not the Number of your Foes.

He scarce had ended, when with winged Speed  
And eager Look, that spoke his hasty Tale,  
A Messenger arriv'd with grateful News,  
(The Foe's at Hand) to Arms the Trumpet strait  
With Accent shrill resounded, and the Drums  
Consort their hoarser Noise, Confusion rose,  
But Order soon ensu'd, and on they mov'd  
Indissolubly

Indissolubly firm in bright Array,  
 Light arm'd and heavy, Horse and Foot in Ranks  
 Perfect, with steady Resolution bent  
 To meet their daring Foe, whose quick Advance  
 Prevented Length of March; now Front from Front  
 But narrow Space disjoin'd, an Interview  
 Of Horror, streight from either Army Tubes  
 With missive Ruin fraught gan bellow dire  
 Destruction to the Part adverse, who stood  
 Not long at Gaze, unmindful to repay  
 Salute so rude, a dreadful Interchange  
 Of Death. Here Clouds in dusky Wreaths began  
 To roll sulphureous, Smoak with Hostile Smoak  
 Uniting quite o'er-vail'd the Face of Heav'n,  
 Doubling the horrid Darkness. So the Moon  
 In Opposition centrical benights  
 The Rays of *Phæbus* in his Morning rise,  
 In his Meridian Course, or prone decline.  
 Thus whilst each Host in loudest Vollies strove  
 Conflicting, scarce or Dawn or Glimpse appear'd  
 Of Light, save what those dreadful Engines gave  
 Of livid Flames; so Light'ning, e'er a Storm  
 Makes his black Entry, with preluding Flash  
 And transient Blaze denotes the quick Approach  
 Of Thunder, whose tempestuous Noise it flies  
 Affrighted; dark Confusion thus prevail'd,  
 And Death in various Shapes from Rank to Rank  
 Rov'd terrible, involv'd in dismal Shade,  
 Nor to one Side confin'd, but soon return'd  
 With repercussive Fury back on them  
 That sent it, Horse and Rider lay in Gore  
 Wel'tring, some raving grasp'd their Swords and fell  
 Prostrate, whose Visages Stern Rage posses'd  
 Immoveable, unchang'd, which Death it self  
 Could not efface, here many a dolorous Groan  
 Forth issu'd, drown'd in th' odious Din of War,  
 Hoarse Shouts, and loud Laments, and furious Rage  
 Conspiring, like a mighty Torrent sound,  
 Forcing its Way resistless, uncontroll'd.

But say, propitious Muse, where shall I find  
 The Warlike British Chief in this Uproar,  
 Direct my eager Eyes sollicitous  
 To England's Safety in one Man confin'd,

One matchless Man ; lo behold at length  
 The Godlike Heroe all besmear'd with Dust  
 Gloriously dreadful, issuing forth Behests  
 Sedate, unmov'd, with Succour opportune  
 Th' Oppress'd relieving, the prevailing Part  
 His animating Looks uphold, in all  
 His Sword or Presence vig'rous Thoughts renew's  
 And wonted Clear, the Soldier and the Chief  
 He bravely tempers, Heav'nly Gift, tho' rare  
 Swift as the Light'ning Glimpse he wings his Way  
 Impetuous, nor can ought restrain his Course  
 Where Danger calls ; o'er Heaps of prostrate Slain  
 He rides intrepid, not regarding Death  
 That covers all the Plain in hideous Hue,  
 Staring with all its Terrors. Grief and Joy  
 At once surprize me, when my watchful Ken  
 Views the Defender of our Liberties,  
 (On whom Britannia's Weal or Woe depends,)  
 Beset with Perils, and in dire Attacks  
 Greatly prevailing ; Balls from Hostile Tubes,  
 Instinct with Motion from the Nitrous Grain  
 Inflam'd, with dismal Hisp play round his Head  
 Innocuous, the Messengers of Fate,  
 Part single, part with Chain connexive link'd  
 In conjugal Destruction. Thrice his Steed  
 Sunk under him, then Horror first restrain'd  
 The Britisb Prowess, thrice the Heroe rose  
 From Danger more Illustrious; then Joy  
 And cheerful Acclamations loud possess'd  
 Britannia's Sons, and fierce Bellona gan  
 To rage with Tenfold Fury : Shock so dread  
 The Gallick Pow'rs sustain'd not, quite agast,  
 Confounded, down their idle Weapons fell,  
 (Erst their Defence, whose weight would now have catis'd  
 Their Ruin;) Horse o'er tardy Foot pursu'd  
 Their Way promiscuous, while the Victor Host  
 Urg'd them behind, and on their Masters turn'd  
 The Instruments of Death, whose brazen Throats  
 Roar'd after them, upbraiding Cowardice  
 And foul Desertion, in their hasty Flight,  
 Retarding many sore against their Will.  
 So in Numidia on the Lybian Coast,  
 Or where the Nile first tears his watry Head

In Mountains Lunar, and from barren Rocks  
Derives his fruitful Source, when tim'rous Deer  
Fly the destructive Lion's dreadful Jaws,  
Roaring he stops them, with pernicious Gripe  
Retaining tears them trembling, whilst he growls  
With surly Satisfaction o'er his Prey.

Now with her cloudy Covert Night arose  
Inducing Darkness, and the Face of things  
Clad in her Liv'ry black, the scatter'd Rout,  
Under her kind Protection, strove to fly  
The Victor's Wrath in vain; he still pursues,  
Nor Thoughts of Spoil, nor Nature's Call for due  
Refreshment interrupt his eager Course  
Unweary'd, Fear it self scarce swifter flew  
Than Conquest, 'till of all his routed Foes  
In various Flight disper'd, none remain'd  
Worthy his Sword, but Objects of his Scorn.

When thus the doubtful Battel was adjudg'd  
To Courage, and Captivity or Death  
Had seiz'd the num'rous Foe subdu'd, the Towns  
E'er while oppress'd with grievous Servitude  
And Gallick Bonds, feeling the sweet Return  
Of grateful Liberty, with Joy proclaim  
Their lawful Sov'reign, with unfeigned Prayers  
They bless the Victor, who with open Arms  
Receives them cheerful, while his conqu'ring Sword  
Forces the stubborn to be free; had thus  
The Punick Chief with eager Steps pursu'd  
His Victory, proud *Rome* would ne'er have sway'd,  
With Domineering Rule the conquer'd World,  
And *Capua* had not lost what *Cannæ* gain'd.

Gladly to thee at length my Muse repays  
Her humble Tribute, CHURCHILL, far below  
Thy matchless Merits; would my Fancy flow  
Luxuriant to my Wish, my Genius rise  
Lofty and equal to so great a Theme,  
High as the *Mantuan* Swan I'd soar; my Lyre  
Tuneful, like that of blind *Meomides*,  
Majestick Bard, Thee *Auverquerque* should join  
With MARLBRO, in my Song as in the Field

**Alike**

Alike victorious ; and *Iberia's* great Deliverers, *Mordaunt* and *Galloway*, Should stand recorded Ages infinite In deathless Numbers, by the Track of Time Uninjur'd ; in *Ausonian* Fields I'd sing Thee *Eugene*, oft triumphant, and thy Arms Which to the *Roman* Eagle have restor'd Its Pristine Terror, dreadfully it soars Aloft with *Julian* Glory, whilst thy Sword Grim Death and certain Victory attend. Nor small should be his Praise, egregious Prince, Who dares amidst his num'rous Enemies Unterrify'd, unshaken, still maintain The Cause of Justice, who with equal Mind Withstood the Tyrant's flatt'ring Promises Superior, and his utmost Threats contemn'd. But far beneath such tow'ring Arguments My humble Thoughts creep lowly, and resign The mighty Task-to-tuneful *Addison*, Whose strong harmonious Numbers sweetly flow, Rich in bright Images, and Thoughts sublime, That unconstrain'd from the Great Subject rise; Or *Prior*'s artful Song, delicious Bard, Who in untrodden Paths the Voice of Fame Gains with Success, in whose Immortal Lines, With easie Majesty great *Nassau* reigns A Godlike Prince ; and *CHURCHILL*'s glorious Arms At *Blenheim* triumph still, and on *Ramillia's* Plains.

Thus thy indulgent Favours, *NNA*, flow Unbounded, not to us confin'd, but like The Ocean's wide Expanse, far distant Shoars With large diffusive Goodness blest; thy Arms A sinking Empire once upheld, they now Shall fix an injur'd Monarch on his Throne Usurp'd; thus Conquest cannot but attend On Justice, farther Victories will crown Thy happy Reign, 'till *Lewis* quite despoil'd Of all his boasted Grandeur, and his Pow'r, Not his ambitious Will restrain'd, shall find Servility with Freedom to contend Unequal, and with deep Regret constrain'd Shall own (instructed by thy milder Rule)

Tis

'Tis better to be lov'd a gentle Prince,  
Than fear'd a Tyrant. Thus thy Foes subdu'd,  
Back thy renowned MARLBOROUGH shall return  
Triumphant, and BRITANNIA's happy Shoars  
With grateful Io's shall resound his Praise  
Immense; thy Favours only can repay  
Such Merit, ANNA, with its due Reward,  
To thy unerring Choice we CHURCHILL owe,  
To his victorious Arms the World's Repose.

**F I N I S.**